TALES OF SUPERMEGATOPIA!

THEY DON'T GET ANY BIGGER!

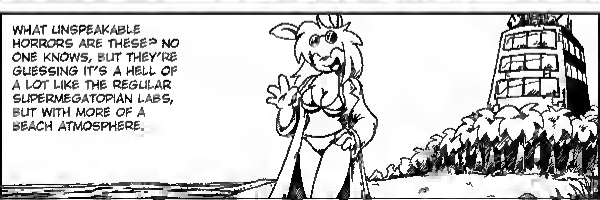
BY THE BROTHERS GRINN © 1999

OUT IN SUPERMEGATOPIA HARBOR, KIWI SHIPPING CAPITAL OF THE WORLD SITS THE TINY ISLAND OF GODDAMITT, NAMED BY THE FIRST CAPTAIN TO EVER RUN AGROUND ON IT. AS LUCK MAY HAVE IT THOUGH, HE NEVER REACHED THE MAINLAND. OTHERWISE THE CITY MIGHT BE KNOWN AS GODDAMNITAGAIN, KIWI CAPITAL OF THE WORLD.

FORMERLY HOME TO A SMALL BAND OF SHIPWRECKED PIRATES WHO DIED OFF AFTER THEY REALIZED CABIN BOYS COULDN'T REPRODUCE. IT BECAME A SMALL SANCTUARY FOR A SPECIES OF SHIP RATS THAT WERE ALSO STRANDED, BUT HAD THE GOOD SENSE TO INVITE WOMEN ALONG

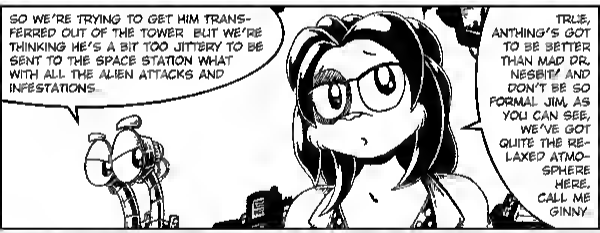
BUT LIKE MOST SPECIES THE RATS HAD A NATURAL ENEMY: SCIENTISTS. WHO CAME TO THE ISLAND TO COLLECT SPECIMENS. BUT THEN REALIZED IT WOULD JUST BE EASIER TO MOVE PART OF THE LAB TO THE ISLAND NOT TO MENTION THERE ARE SOME 'EXPERIMENTS' THEY COULD NOW GET AWAY WITH ONCE OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMITS

WHAT UNSPEAKABLE HORRORS ARE THESE? NO ONE KNOWS, BUT THEY'RE GUESSING IT'S A HELL OF A LOT LIKE THE REGULAR SUPERMEGATOPIAN LABS, BUT WITH MORE OF A BEACH ATMOSPHERE.



WE'RE SO HAPPY YOU CAME TO VISIT US JIM. WHAT BRINGS YOU TO OUR ISLAND? BY THE WAY, WOULD YOU LIKE ANOTHER MARGARITA?
OH NO THANK YOU DR. PAEG, MY NUTRIENT CONTAINER IS FULL. NOT TO MENTION THE ALCOHOL IS MAKING THE FISH BUMP INTO MY BRAIN. THE REASON I'M HERE IS THAT WE'RE TRYING TO GET DR. PILLKINS OUT OF HIS LAB.

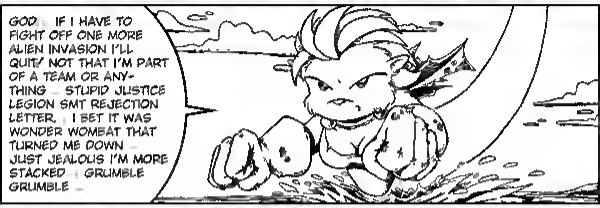
WE HAD ALMOST LURED HIM OUT BEFORE WITH MISS KIWI 99'S HELP. WHEN DR. NESBIT MADE A ROBOT SOLELY FOR THE PURPOSE OF KICKING AT HIS OFFICE DOOR.

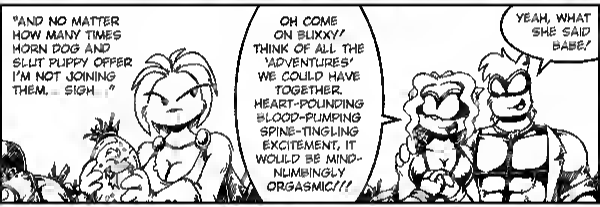

SO WE'RE TRYING TO GET HIM TRANSFERRED OUT OF THE TOWER. BUT WE'RE THINKING HE'S A BIT TOO JITTERY TO BE SENT TO THE SPACE STATION WHAT WITH ALL THE ALIEN ATTACKS AND INFESTATIONS.
TRUE, ANTHING'S GOT TO BE BETTER THAN MAD DR. NESBIT AND DON'T BE SO FORMAL JIM, AS YOU CAN SEE, WE'VE GOT QUITE THE RELAXED ATMOSPHERE HERE. CALL ME GINNY.

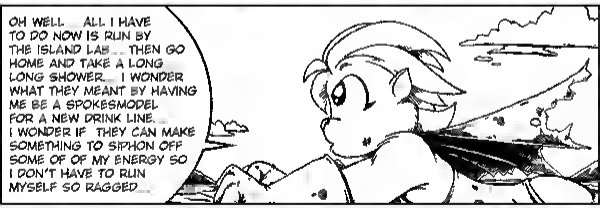
SO HOW ARE THE SAFETIES HERE? I KNOW WE ALL FUDGE A BIT DURING OUR REVIEWS, ESPECIALLY IN THE MAIN LAB BUT I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU ABOUT GHOTI AND TOTH.
OH I ASSURE YOU, WHILE WE MAY HAVE THE OCCASIONAL ACCIDENT IT'S NEVER SERIOUS. YOU WON'T SEE ANY SUPER-VILLAINS COMING OUT OF THIS LAB, MAYBE A SAND MONSTER OR TWO, BUT THEY AREN'T SO BAD

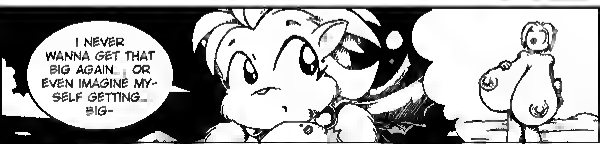
SO WHAT ARE YOU WORKING ON CURRENTLY DR PA- ERRR, GINNY? STILL TRYING TO FIND A WAY TO CONTROL FIDDLER CRABS FOR UNDERWATER CONSTRUCTION?
NOPE. GOT THAT ONE FIGURED OUT. THEY'RE CURRENTLY ADDING ANOTHER LEVEL TO THE BASEMENT. MEANWHILE DR. BRAMM AND I ARE WORKING ON TWO PROJECTS.
ONE. A CHEMICAL TO MAKE LAB RATS BIGGER. IF WE CAN INCREASE THEIR SIZE WE CAN STUDY THE EFFECTS OF OUR WORK ON A LARGER SCALE. TESTS THAT MAY OBLITERATE A SMALL RAT, MAY ONLY SCORCH A FAR LARGER ONE, OR WE COULD DOMESTICATE THEM. USING THEM AS BEASTS OF BURDEN. PERHAPS EVEN TRANSPORTATION, OR EVEN START RACING THEM AT THE TRACK
INTERESTING, AND THE SECOND?
AH, THE SECOND ONE? I'M WORKING ON A NEW SERIES OF FRUIT DRINKS WITH NAMES THAT'LL INSURE SALES? LIKE TITALIZING TANGERINE, DOUBLE D DELUGE, BUXOMBERRY BLAST, AND GROPING GRAPE GUSHER.
OH MY, SOUNDS TANTALIZING!
I'VE GOT A FEW SAMPLES HERE ALONG WITH BRAMM'S GROWTH FORMULA, WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY SOME?
NO THANKS, STILL WORKING OFF ALL THE MARGARITAS.
OKAY THEN, I'LL TRY THE NEW BATCH MYSELF. SHOULD PROVE MOST EXCITING!!
Bump
Bump
YES LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THIS IS AN INCREDIBLY OLD CLICHE INDEED! BUT THIS CLICHE WILL RESULT IN HER GETTING BIG AND NAKED, SO WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY COMPLAINTS. OTHERWISE, WE'LL START WORK ON THE SHE-MALE SERIES!
NOT HERE
FUNNY, THAT DOESN'T TASTE VERY MUCH LIKE GRAPE...

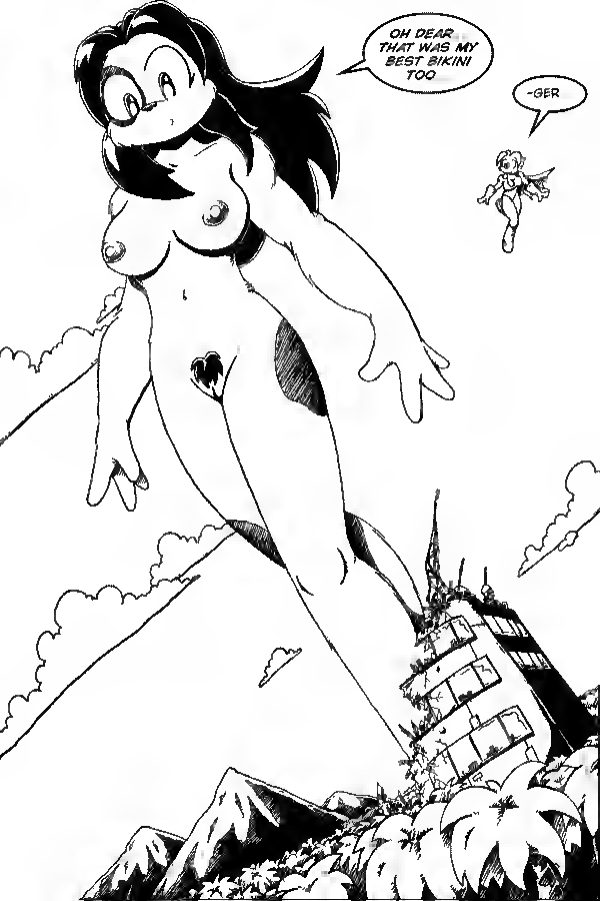
MEANWHILE SOMEWHERE OVER THE OCEAN:

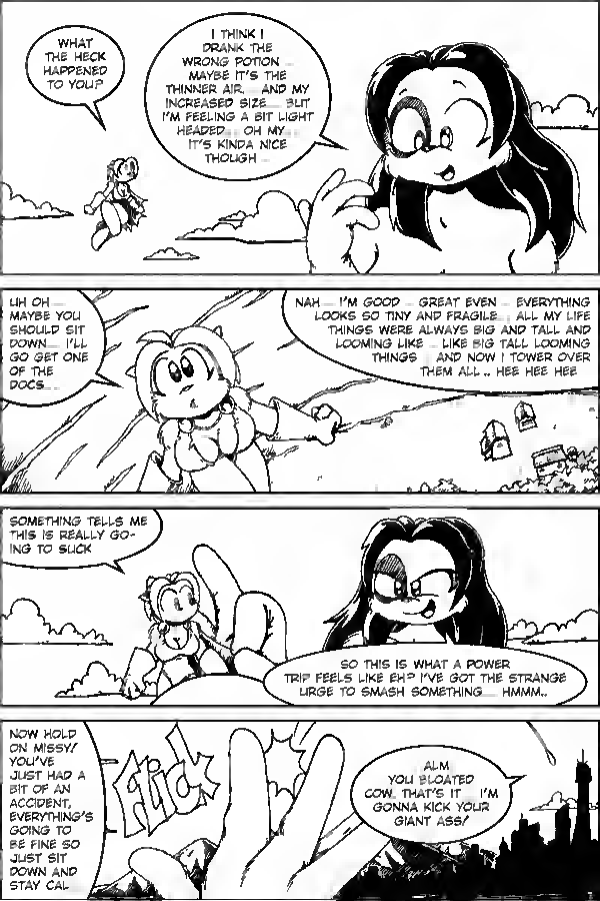

GOD... IF I HAVE TO FIGHT OFF ONE MORE ALIEN INVASION I'LL QUIT! NOT THAT I'M PART OF A TEAM OR ANY-THING... STUPID JUSTICE LEGION SMT REJECTION LETTER... I BET IT WAS WONDER WOMBAT THAT TURNED ME DOWN... JUST JEALOUS I'M MORE STACKED THAN GRIMBLE GRUMBLE...


"AND NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES HORN DOG AND SLUT PUPPY OFFER I'M NOT JOINING THEM... SIGH..."
OH COME ON BLIXXY! THINK OF ALL THE 'ADVENTURES' WE COULD HAVE TOGETHER. HEART-POUNDING BLOOD-PUMPING SPINE-TINGLING EXCITEMENT, IT WOULD BE MIND-NUMBINGLY ORGASMIC!!!
YEAH, WHAT SHE SAID BABE!


OH WELL... ALL I HAVE TO DO NOW IS RUN BY THE ISLAND LAB... THEN GO HOME AND TAKE A LONG LONG SHOWER... I WONDER WHAT THEY MEANT BY HAVING ME BE A SPOKESMODEL FOR A NEW DRINK LINE... I WONDER IF THEY CAN MAKE SOMETHING TO SIPHON OFF SOME OF OF MY ENERGY SO I DON'T HAVE TO RUN MYSELF SO RAGGED...

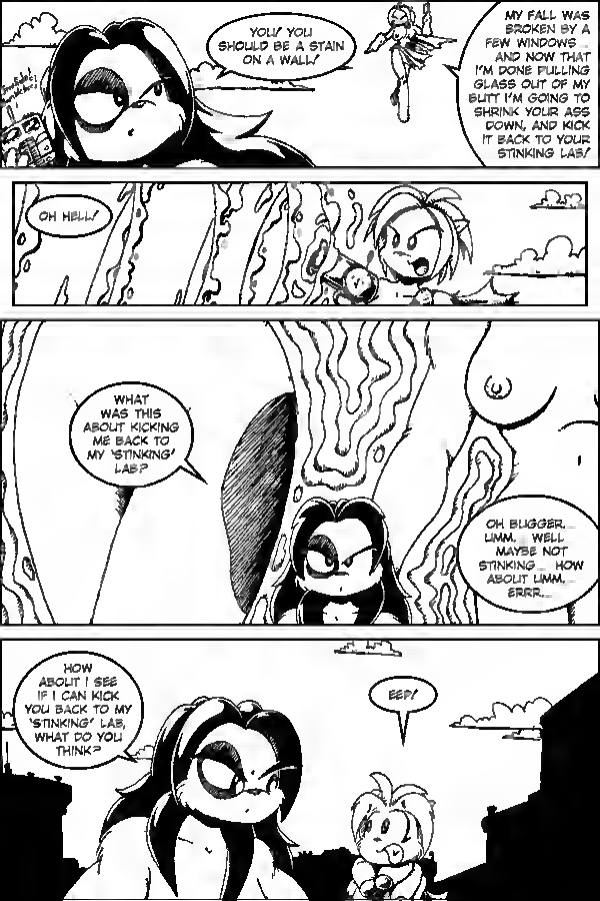


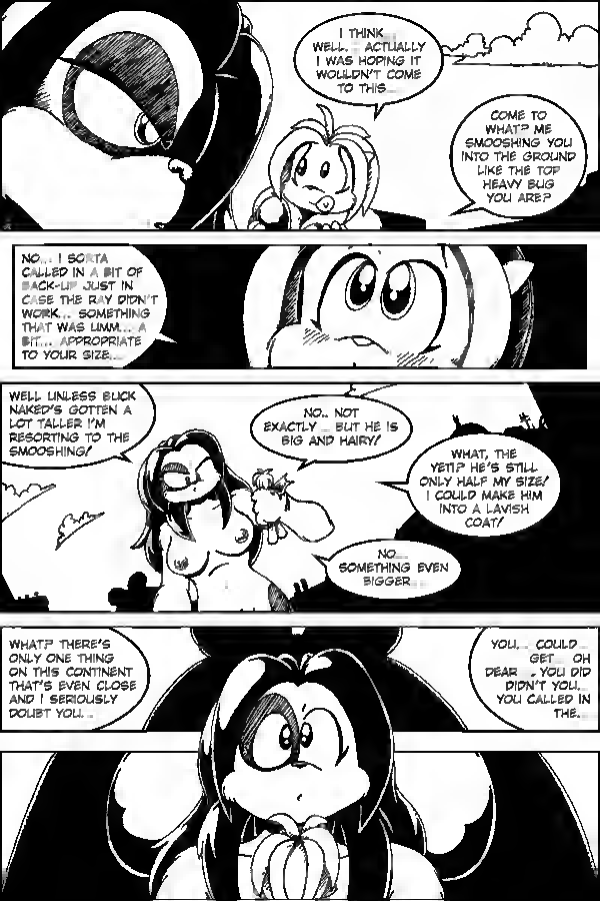

OH DEAR THAT WAS MY BEST BIKINI TOO
-GER

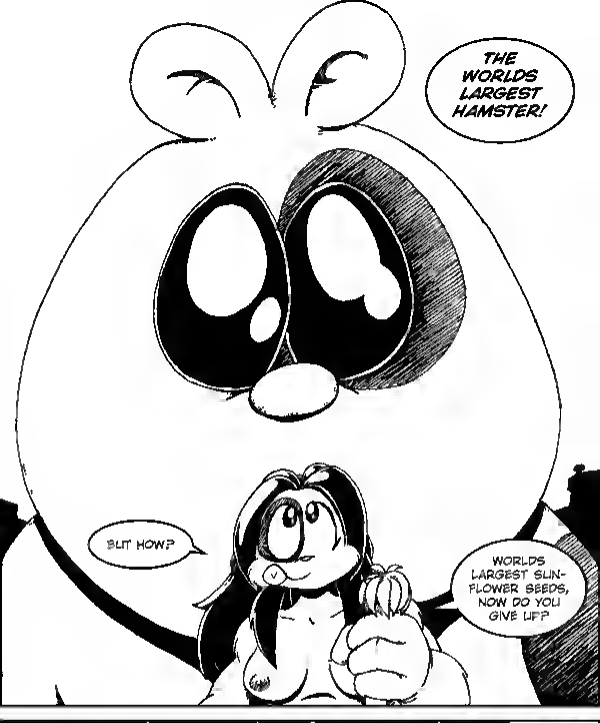

WHAT THE HECK HAPPENED TO YOU?
I THINK I DRANK THE WRONG POTION... MAYBE IT'S THE THINNER AIR... AND MY INCREASED SIZE... BUT I'M FEELING A BIT LIGHT HEADED... OH MY... IT'S KINDA NICE THOUGH...
UH OH... MAYBE YOU SHOULD SIT DOWN... I'LL GO GET ONE OF THE DOCS...
NAH... I'M GOOD... GREAT EVEN... EVERYTHING LOOKS SO TINY AND FRAGILE... ALL MY LIFE THINGS WERE ALWAYS BIG AND TALL AND LOOMING LIKE... LIKE BIG TALL LOOMING THINGS... AND NOW I TOWER OVER THEM ALL.. HEE HEE HEE
SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS IS REALLY GOING TO SUCK
SO THIS IS WHAT A POWER TRIP FEELS LIKE EH? I'VE GOT THE STRANGE URGE TO SMASH SOMETHING... HMMM..
NOW HOLD ON MISSY! YOU'VE JUST HAD A BIT OF AN ACCIDENT, EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE FINE SO JUST SIT DOWN AND STAY CAL
flick
ALM... YOU BLOATED COW. THAT'S IT... I'M GONNA KICK YOUR GIANT ASS!

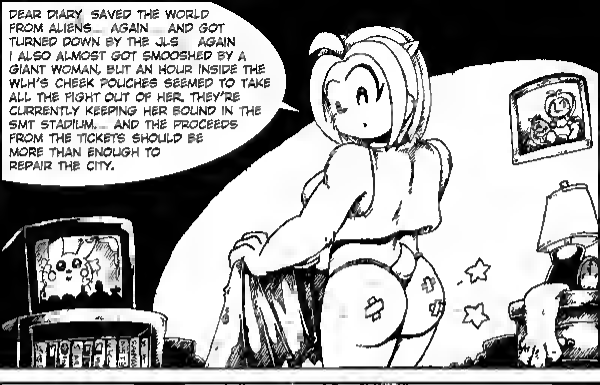
SHARP AND POINTY HAILS UP
OY SORRY ABOUT YOUR OFFICE MISTER... I... I...
CAN I HELP YOU MISS?
ODD... YOU LOOK FAMILIAR...
REALLY... HOW STRANGE. I GENERALLY DON'T GET OUT OF THE OFFICE MUCH. THERE'S ALWAYS SO MUCH TO DO FOR THIS GREAT CITY AFTER ALL.
OH. OKAY. WELL. AGAIN SORRY ABOUT THE MESS...
OH SURE. NO PROBLEM...
IT'S OKAY, I'VE ALREADY SCHEDULED A REPAIR CREW. OH, AND COULD YOU PLEASE HAND THIS TO MY SECRETARY ON YOUR WAY OUT?
THANKS, HAVE A NICE DAY, OH AND GOOD LUCK WITH THAT GIANTESS.
OH YEAH. THANKS.

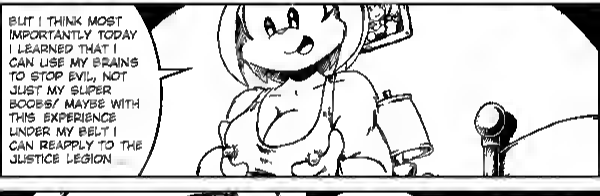
OKAY, GOTTA THINK THIS THROUGH, SHE'S FIFTY TIMES MY SIZE AND AFTER ALL THAT WORK WITH THE ALIENS I'M BARELY A D-CUP OH MAN IS THIS GOING TO HURT... UNLESS THERE'S SOME WAY TO SHRINK HER BACK DOWN BEFORE SHE TRASHES THE CITY
BUT WHO WOULD SUCH A DEVICE?
YEAH, I'VE GOT A SHRINK RAY. I'VE BEEN USING IT TO MAKE MY ANT FARM MORE... ENTERTAINING
HEY... IS THAT AN INTERN IN THERE?
UH... NEVER MIND THAT, HERE YOU GO. I'LL WARN YOU THOUGH IT'S CHARGE IS LIMITED... STUPID POWER CONSTRAINTS... LIKE THE CHAOS SPAWNED FROM THE OCCASIONAL BLACKOUT IS BAD FOR A CITY...
UMMM... OKAY, THANKS MAD DOTOR!
DON'T MENTION IT. IT WOULD LOOK... GOOD... ON MY RECORD
HMM! I WONDER IF I CAN HIT SMT TOWER WITH THIS SEM!... I DON'T THINK ANYONE WOULD MIND IF I SQUISHED DR. NESBIT.
! THINK SHE'D MIND, AND PERSONALLY, I WOULDN'T TAKE THE CHANCE OF PISSING HER OFF.
HELP!


YOU! YOU SHOULD BE A STAIN ON A WALL!
MY FALL WAS BROKEN BY A FEW WINDOWS AND NOW THAT I'M DONE PULLING GLASS OUT OF MY BUTT I'M GOING TO SHRINK YOUR ASS DOWN, AND KICK IT BACK TO YOUR STINKING LAB!
OH HELL!
WHAT WAS THIS ABOUT KICKING ME BACK TO MY 'STINKING' LAB?
OH BLIGGER... UMM... WELL MAYBE NOT STINKING... HOW ABOUT UMM... ERRR...
HOW ABOUT I SEE IF I CAN KICK YOU BACK TO MY 'STINKING' LAB, WHAT DO YOU THINK?
EEP!

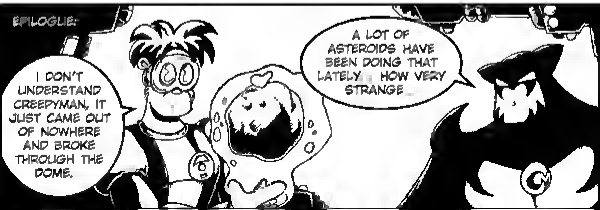

I THINK... WELL... ACTUALLY I WAS HOPING IT WOULDN'T COME TO THIS...
COME TO WHAT? ME SMOOSHING YOU INTO THE GROUND LIKE THE TOP HEAVY BUG YOU ARE?
NO... I SORTA CALLED IN A BIT OF BACK-UP JUST IN CASE THE RAY DIDN'T WORK... SOMETHING THAT WAS LIMM... A BIT... APPROPRIATE TO YOUR SIZE...
WELL UNLESS BUCK NAKED'S GOTTEN A LOT TALLER I'M RESORTING TO THE SMOOSHING!
NO... NOT EXACTLY... BUT HE IS BIG AND HAIRY!
WHAT, THE YETI? HE'S STILL ONLY HALF MY SIZE! I COULD MAKE HIM INTO A LAVISH COAT!
NO... SOMETHING EVEN BIGGER...
WHAT? THERE'S ONLY ONE THING ON THIS CONTINENT THAT'S EVEN CLOSE AND I SERIOUSLY DOUBT YOU...
YOU... COULD GET... OH DEAR... YOU DID DIDN'T YOU. YOU CALLED IN THE...


THE WORLDS LARGEST HAMSTER!
BUT HOW?
WORLDS LARGEST SUN-FLOWER SEEDS, NOW DO YOU GIVE UP?
...GRRRRR... NEVER! IT'S STILL JUST A HAMSTER! YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME!


DEAR DIARY. SAVED THE WORLD FROM ALIENS... AGAIN... AND GOT TURNED DOWN BY THE JLE... AGAIN. I ALSO ALMOST GOT SMOOSHED BY A GIANT WOMAN, BUT AN HOUR INSIDE THE WLH'S CHEEK POUCHES SEEMED TO TAKE ALL THE FIGHT OUT OF HER. THEY'RE CURRENTLY KEEPING HER BOUND IN THE SMT STADIUM... AND THE PROCEEDS FROM THE TICKETS SHOULD BE MORE THAN ENOUGH TO REPAIR THE CITY.


BUT I THINK MOST IMPORTANTLY TODAY I LEARNED THAT I CAN USE MY BRAINS TO STOP EVIL, NOT JUST MY SUPER BOOBS! MAYBE WITH THIS EXPERIENCE UNDER MY BELT I CAN REAPPLY TO THE JUSTICE LEGION...

OR MAYBE I COULD JUST TOSS ASTEROIDS AT THEIR STUPID MOON BASE OUT OF SPITE.


EPILOGUE:
I DON'T UNDERSTAND CREEPYMAN, IT JUST CAME OUT OF NOWHERE AND BROKE THROUGH THE DOME.
A LOT OF ASTEROIDS HAVE BEEN DOING THAT LATELY... HOW VERY STRANGE...